MARVEL

98

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THE DAUGHTER OF SPIDER-MAN®

SPIDER-GIRL®

The daughter of the original Spider-Man, May "Mayday" Parker has inherited her father's amazing powers. Possessing the proportionate strength, speed, and agility of a spider, as well as the ability to cling to walls, she now follows in his web-lines.

SPIDER-GIRL

PREVIOUSLY

During an encounter with *Kaine*, *Spider-Girl* experiences one of his precognitive flashes and sees herself being murdered by a member of the crime cult called the *Scriers*.

After being attacked and almost killed by a *Scrier*, she changes costumes in an attempt to circumvent the prophecy.

Currently bonded to the *Venom symbiote, Normie Osborn* makes a deal with *Special Agent Weadon* to replace his fiancée *Raptor* on the government super-team that includes *Kaine*.

Meanwhile, the Scriers engage the services of *Roderick Kingsley*, the original *Hobgoblin*, to destroy *Spider-Girl* and *Kaine*.

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Sacrifices Must Be Made

It's a typical morning in the *Parker* house--*coffee, pancakes, newspapers and baby formula as everyone prepares to start the day!*

Yes, it's a typical morning in the Parker house until ***cousin Kristy*** opens her big fat mouth...

So the new job with ***Normie Osborn***--*did I mention he's engaged?*

Her name's ***Brenda Drago***, and she's a lovely girl.

For a masked vigilante.

Anyway, I love the work, and the job would be just *perfect*--

--if only poor ***Normie*** could get rid of that horrible ***Venom thingie.***

V-Venom thingie--?!

May--!

Your name is *May "Mayday" Parker.*

You are the daughter of ***Spider-Man***, and ***ARRRGH!***

Oh my gosh!
Look at the time.
I've got to get to school.
Catch you guys later.
POWER
Not so fast, young lady.
We need to talk.
C-couldn't this wait?
I don't want to be late for--
NOW!
POWER
What's that all about?
Was it something I said?
Venom thingie--?!
You swore the *Venom symbiote* was dead.
You told me that you and Normie had killed it.
Well, I...
We...
Out with it, May.
POWER
I guess you could say that I kind of...
POWER
Lied.

I...I'm very ***disappointed*** in you, May.

I thought we had a ***better*** relationship.

What were you ***thinking?***

The Venom symbiote is a ***monster.***

You've put countless ***lives*** at risk.

Including your own!

Are you hiding anything else from me?

You pause, unable to meet his eyes as your heart hammers and your mind races...

Uhhhh...

No.

Not really.

I swear, May, if you're holding anything back--!

Give me your ***web-shooters*** and ***costume!***

No arguments! You're ***grounded,*** young lady--

--and I absolutely ***forbid*** you to see that ***Osborn*** boy until I come up with a plan to destroy the alien creature.

B-but, Dad--!

Your pleas fall on deaf ears and only seem to inflame him, so...

T-this isn't ***fair!*** I have responsibilities as ***Spider-Girl.***

You should have thought about them ***before*** you lied.

The surprise on your father's face and the bitterness of his words haunts you all the way to school.

You betrayed his trust, and no punishment will ever erase your guilt--

--especially because you're *still lying!*

You couldn't tell him that a *criminal cult* has targeted you for death.

Or that your *black costume* is already hidden in your backpack.

Or that you intend to see ***Normie***--

--*and* remain ***Spider-Girl.***

Great way to start a morning, kid!

At least the rest of the day couldn't possibly get any worse!

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

BWA-BWOOM!

There! I trust that proves my aim and reflexes are as sharp as ever.

Do you have any idea when I can actually battle the real ***Spider-Girl?***

Please do not mistake impatience for ingratitude, ***Scrier.***

I appreciate the fact that your organization freed me from prison.

I am merely anxious to fulfill my obligations so that I can pursue my own agenda.

Completely understandable, Hobgoblin.

Our army of street spies has determined that *Spider-Girl* possesses an elaborate support system.

We want you to dismantle it as punishment for her defeating one of our brothers.

LADYHAWKS

BUZZ

GREEN GOBLIN

RAPTOR

KAINE

OSBORN

Killing her isn't enough. You want her utterly *destroyed.*

Exactly! She will serve as a warning to others.

Why have you listed *Osborn* twice-- *as both himself and as the Green Goblin?*

Surely he has not entrusted his grandfather's mantle to another.

GREEN GOBLIN

OSBORN

We have no conclusive evidence either way.

Our spies will inform us the instant any of these targets are spotted.

Spider-Girl, Osborn, the Goblin and even *Spider-Man-- if he dares show himself--*are yours to maim and murder as you see fit.

I remind you, however, that the man called *Kaine* must be delivered to us.

We want him alive and relatively unharmed.

Ugly sucker, isn't he?

I assume he's also going to serve as a warning.

Indeed, but his suffering will last for years.

I never had a taste for prolonged torture or elaborate death traps.

I prefer the simple elegance of a fatal head shot.

Just then, in an allegedly abandoned amusement park--

--that conceals a top secret government installation...

I've been meaning to congratulate you on your recent engagement.

Raptor will make a beautiful bride--

--and the world certainly needs more *Osborns.*

SHTOKT

SHKKT

SHRAKT

Do we detect a note of *insincerity,* Kaine?

Are you trying to rattle us, or is this a standard technique in these training sessions?

A little of both.

I knew your grandfather--*Norman Osborn*--and I didn't enjoy our encounters.

I'm still not sure if I can trust you or if I want you on my team.

A pity it isn't your call.

We are all here to serve the government--

--in our own *unique* ways!

Nice move.

I see you and your alien symbiote have formed quite a bond.

It must please *Spider-Girl* to no end to know that one of her father's greatest enemies has merged with the grandson of another--

--*to become an all-new KILLING MACHINE!*

We have come to an *understanding* with Spider-Girl.

While we may look like the *Venom* of old, she knows that we would gladly lay down our lives on her behalf.

If that's really true, there is something you should know.

Have you ever heard of a criminal organization known as the *Brotherhood of Scriers?*

Yes, my grandfather had *dealings* with them.

Tell me more...

The *Scriers* want you dead.

Why?

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

They're a vicious international crime cartel, and you're a friendly neighborhood web-slinger.

Heck, you've never even been to *New Jersey*.

Hey, girl! You still with me?

Sorry, Davida. I sometimes get lost in my own little thoughts.

You need to get out more.

I don't know where you've been keeping yourself lately, but it doesn't seem healthy.

How's about we hit the mall after school and raise our parents' blood pressure with some credit card action?

Yeah, I know-- *babysitting, homework, blah, blah, blah!*

I wish I could, but...

You're a teenager, May--*live a little!*

Maybe *Courtney* and *Moose* can talk some sense into you.

I'm so glad we ran into you, May. I got something I need to discuss.

What is it, Moose?

Can we talk in private?

It's kinda personal.

I'm sure Courtney and Davida won't mind. We can catch up with them later.

Uhhhh...

Sure.

Whatever.

COURTYARD

What was *that* all about?

Since when are May and Moose so close?

Don't ask me!

I'm just the *girlfriend.*

At least I was.

Meanwhile, across town...

Sorry to ruin your hijacking, boys--

--especially after you went to all the trouble of getting the matching *T-shirts* and *haircuts.*

What were you going to call yourselves--*the Bald Brigade?*

The T-Shirt Terrors?

Please tell me you're all related--

--if only to allay my fears for the *gene pool!*

Can you believe that bunch of losers?

It's almost like they were here to answer a casting call.

In a manner of speaking, *they were!*

I want you young ladies to understand that I bear you no personal malice.

This is just business.

An associate informed me that you *Ladyhawks* often patrol this neighborhood.

We arranged this hijacking as bait.

I am the HOBGOBLIN!

Name sounds familiar.

Where have I heard it before?

Didn't it used to belong to one of Spider-Man's old enemies?

Yes, my dear...

...In fact...it still does!

Back at *Midtown High*...

Between his recent injuries and the cancer, my dad's gonna be stuck in the hospital for the foreseeable future.

The fire department and the guys from his old station house have been great, but...well...I'm worried about my little brothers.

I ain't much of a cook, and I have a hard enough time doing my own homework.

Gosh, Moose... if there's any way I can help.

I appreciate that, May.

My Uncle Billy and Aunt Katy have invited us to stay with them. I know it's the *right* thing to do.

I just can't bear the thought of leaving Courtney...

...and *Midtown High*...

...and all my *friends*.

I can't even imagine what you're going through, Moose. Bad enough you lost your mom to cancer, and now your dad...

I'm not sure what I'd do in your position.

I just know that you've got to go with your gut--

--and the right choice is rarely the easiest one.

H-how am I gonna tell Courtney?

--and I'm sure she'll *understand*.

You'll find a way--

And on another continent...

Forgive me, O' mighty Raza...

I have just received word from the front gate.

It seems an unexpected visitor has arrived and begs a personal audience with you.

What manner of man dares travel to such a remote region on a fool's quest?

Send him away!

My time is too precious to be squandered on--

KRASH! THUMP! BWAKKK!

KWA-SPWOKKK!

Please forgive this unseemly intrusion, my dear Raza.

My enthusiasm to gaze upon your glorious beauty may have overwhelmed my manners.

Ahhh, I should have realized it was you...

Come! Join me.

The ***Black Tarantula*** is always welcomed in my humble temple.

Prepare tea and our finest delicacies for our honored guest.

As you wish, master.

I never tire of this view, Raza.

It is almost as magnificent as you are.

You are too kind.

You should apprise me when you intend to visit so that I can prepare an appropriate feast.

I won't want you to go to any trouble, Raza.

I am quite content with the reception I received.

I assume this isn't a mere social visit.

How can the *Brotherhood of Scriers* serve the *Black Tarantula?*

It has come to my attention that we may have conflicting business interests in *America.*

We are both reasonable people. I am certain we can come to an understanding.

I hope we can--

--specifically in regards to a costumed crime-fighter called *Spider-Girl.*

What are you *doing?*

If you're talking to me, Jimmy...I'm not tracking.

What's the story with you and Moose, May?

You seem to be in a *clench* whenever I see you together.

Get a room already!

The guy's just going through a hard time and I'm--

May, I know all about Moose and his problems.

Yeah, it stinks to be him right now.

But Courtney's supposed to be one of your best friends--

--and I keep seeing you with your arms around her guy.

Don't be ridiculous, Jimmy!

I haven't done anything wrong. You can't seriously believe that there's anything going on between me and--

Hey, you don't have to defend yourself to me.

Courtney is the one you have to convince.

Across town...

SWAKKKK!

JJ--?! JJ, can you hear me?

I...I'm a little busy now, Richie.

I've never fought this lunatic before, but it's like he was waiting for me.

He seems to know all my moves.

I looked him up on the Internet, JJ. If this guy's the real ***Hobgoblin***, he's major trouble.

Used to go toe-to-toe with ***Spider-Man*** himself.

I'll be sure to sign up for his fan club if I survive the day.

Speaking of which, you got any ideas on how to beat this bum?

Afraid not, bud.

I suggest you keep your distance and try to avoid his finger-blasters.

Like I couldn't come up with ***that*** on my own!

Are you talking to yourself, young man?

I know being a costumed adventurer can be quite stressful.

Perhaps you should consider an alternative career.

Too many in our profession have succumbed to madness or worse.

THWAMM!

Thanks for the advice, smiley--

--but chicks dig the hero-thing.

Are you interested in all *girls*, **BUZZ**--

--or a specific one?

A ***Spider-Girl***, perhaps?

W-what does ***she*** have to do with anything?

I'm afraid she has to do with ***every-thing.***

I don't mean to attack your ego or diminish you--

--but this is all about ***her!***

JJ, your suit's starting to run low on power.

You need to ***run***, man.

Get out of there while you still can!

JJ--?!

JJ--?!

KLZORK!

And the *hits* just keep on coming!

As if you didn't have enough to worry about with the *Scriers*...

...*Normie Osborn*...

...and the *Venom Symbiote*...

...you're now in a lover's triangle with *Courtney* and *Moose*.

ZEEEEEEEE

Swell! Bet it's even more *good* news...

May, where are you right now?

Dad--?!

You are to go directly home. Absolutely no stops! Do we understand each other?

I... I *hear* you.

You may not--under any circumstances-- go web-swinging.

I couldn't if I wanted to.

You took my web-shooters, remember?

Don't you dare crack wise with me, young lady!

What's that whistling sound?

I...I must be in a bad reception area. I'll call you back.

When did you become such an accomplished liar?

How can you continue to betray your father's trust?

Sure, you have responsibilities as *Spider-Girl*...

What about your family?

Don't they count anymore?

What are you doing, May--

--and *where* will it end?!

THWAK!

Brenda "Raptor" Drago was not a happy child.

Her father was a career-criminal and her mother drank.

THWAK!

THWAK!

She spent most of her youth shuffling between disapproving relatives and dreaming of *Prince Charming*.

THWAK!

THWAK!

THWAK!

She didn't even recognize the *Prince* when they were first introduced.

She eventually came to realize that *Normie Osborn* was her true prince.

She recently agreed to become his wife--

PLINK!

THUMPPP!

--and live happily ever after!

Enough!

The guilt is tearing you apart.

You can't continue to deceive your parents.

You have to be completely honest with them and just hope for the--

ZEEEEEEE

That *you*, Dad?

Believe it or not, I'm headed home right now, and I should arrive within--

This is **not** *your father, child...although he and I go back a long way.*

W-who *is* this?

I am called **Hobgoblin.** *I am sure he has often spoken of me.*

Nope.

Can't say he did.

You mind telling me how you got this number?

I obtained a *cell phone* from one of your associates.

I believe her name is ***Raptor.***

You were listed on her *speed dial.*

W-what have you done with her? Put her on the phone now!

I'm afraid you would find the conversation a trifle one-sided.

You may retrieve her at the park on the corner of 61st Street and York.

W-what do you mean... *retrieve?*

I warn you... she is not alone.

W-what do you want?

Why are you doing this?

I am merely repaying a favor to an organization called the *Scriers.*

They seem to be very unhappy with you.

They've commissioned me to butcher you and everyone you love.

Y-you can't be serious?

I know it seems a tad excessive, but a deal's a deal.

Please give my warmest regards to your father.

I'm actually looking forward to killing him.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to make another call...

The Scriers want *you...*not *Raptor.*

They have absolutely *no reason* to harm her.

The voice was so *cold, so unfeeling.*

No reason!

It was like he was discussing the weather.

Who are the others--?!

If anyone was injured--*no!*

This is all your *fault!*

NO!

Your responsibility!

NO!

A million conflicting thoughts and haunting images fill your mind as you make your way across town...

Your heart is already jackhammering when you suddenly feel it--

--a familiar tingle that warns you of danger.

Maybe this was only an elaborate trap, a deadly ploy to throw you off your game.

W-who's *there--?*

Spider-Girl?

So he called you, too.

We have been trying to reach Brenda, but we keep getting her *voice mail.*

I...I'm sure she's *fine,* Normie.

She's *got* to be.

Our grandfather spoke of the one called *Hobgoblin.*

Called him utterly *ruthless* and devoid of *honor.*

If he has *harmed* the woman we love, we shall surely--

What *is* it, Normie?

What have you--

To Be Continued!